

### The Battle of Lake Erie.

ON September 10, 1813, Commodore Oliver Perry met and defeated an English fleet on Lake Erie. Perry's vessels were built at short notice and manned by recruits. His famous message to Harrison after the victory, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," has become a classic.

## The Negligee in All Its Charm

Reprinted by Permission of Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

One of the Many Smart and Useful Styles in the

Splendid September Number of "Good Housekeeping."



NOT even the artist could possibly portray all the loveliness of the negligee, second at the right, of coral, lavender or blue crepe de chine and net lace.

## Wide Horizons

WHEN you stand in the midst of a teeming city your horizon shuts in on you with walls of brick and stone towering high and close at hand.

When you go out into the heart of the country, your horizon eddies and billows away from you. Climb a high hill and there is nothing but the limitations of human vision to shut in the great stretches over which you may look. And so too when you are out at sea, the waters extend far on every side. You may gaze for miles over a restless expanse of nothing, but rolling water capped with touches of white. Life is exactly like that. When the busy, jostling interests of every day shut you in, you cannot see far. The world is close to you and closes upon you. You have no perspective, no horizon. Life has you by the throat.

Out in the open stretches of a new country or up on the hill tops of some rural community, the world unrolls before you in a vast panorama. Your horizons are wide. Only distance itself shuts off your view.

And yet you say you are lonely! To be lonely out on the wide prairie, up among the hills or on the great expanses of ocean is to confess yourself a contemptible little soul who does not know how to commune with beauty or nature or God himself. To be lonely out in vast places is not to be lonely at all. It is to be magnificently aware

of all the wonder that stretches out to make life.

Don't Be Lonely.

To be lonely in the heart of a city is altogether a different proposition—and by no means a pleasant one! It means actual starving for companionship. It means seeing a feast of plenty all about you and not being hidden to the board.

I can remember moving from a little Western town to a large Eastern city when I was a girl in my early teens. When my father and mother took me to a theatre with them at night, I had a desperate feeling of being an outsider.

Mother and father were together—they formed a perfect group of two. All about me were groups of two. Everyone had a partner, a companion—I was the odd one. I was the only person in that theatre who was really alone.

I suppose I got rather a magnificent sort of agony out of the situation. Being the "alone" person in the place gave me the distinction of martyrdom. My horizon was shut down close to me by the rush and hurry of the city. I couldn't stand off and see what a magnificent world it was and how much being alone and untrammelled by all sorts of little demands might give me to do.

There are two phases to the problem of being alone which all the desperate boys and girls who write me every day would do well to consider. "I am lonely," I haven't any friends. I have no companion. I can't stand this awful humdrum of work with no pleasure of friendliness to lighten it.

First of all you ought to remember that there is nothing original, different, unusual or unique in your being lonely. Everybody is. The handsome matinee hero who gets a hundred notes a day from impressionable women is just as lonely as any of those who write him. He may happen to be a little more selective in his attitude than they are. He, however, is probably desperately lonely for real companionship, real understanding, true love and enough perfect congeniality to relieve the sheer loneliness that closes in on his busy life.

Why Is It?

Why is it so many middle-aged men of important positions and real wealth make love to their youthful stenographers? It isn't because they are deliberately bad or cold-bloodedly immoral. It is just because they are desperately lonely for their lost youth and their outworn illusions and the adoration of admiration which their own busy and being lonely. Everybody is. Not time to give him.

Why does the young millionaire lolling back in his twelve-thousand dollar car look up, burst suddenly into activity and life and whirl around corners and side streets in desperate flight after a pair of blue eyes which suddenly drift up to him along a hithered cold and indifferent horizon? Not because he is a gay Lothario or a flirt or a wolf in sheep's clothing, but because he is

lonely. His horizons are shutting in on him. He cannot see far off to anything that appeals to him or beckons him with romance. And then those blue eyes! They are worth following. They stand for something new, braver horizons, the possibility of adventure, a real interest in a life of monotony.

You imagine that if you had a limousine or a yacht, or even enough money to buy pretty clothes and go to the theatre instead of to the movies, and you'd never be lonely. And you'd answer that if you had social position, knew just a few of the "right people," your loneliness would be overcome, while you—still another you—insist that if your own people made the least effort to understand you you would not be lonely. You are all so wrong.

Everyone Is Lonely.

Everyone is lonely. That is the first point to consider. And the people who have succeeded in life have made real use of that loneliness. They have through it broadened their horizons. They have come to recognize that loneliness and longing are universal—that the desire for a real understanding is the Grail for which we all search as we go through life.

Instead of selfishly centering on their own "aloneness" they acknowledge it as part of human experience. They are kind and generous in their attitude toward other lonely folk. They fill their own dull hours with efforts to grow and improve and understand life.

The way to most loneliness is to broaden your horizon. Don't let your world shut in on you—and isolate you into being an individual centering on yourself. But let it reach out and take in the fact that your experience is part of the human experience—that you have no right to demand to be different—that you cannot escape what everybody else is feeling.

You can't alleviate your loneliness in cheap ways. The good-looking boy who smiles at you in the subway is probably not a heart and brute from whom you must die in loathing, but you cannot take chances in a world where vampires and criminals and brutes are playing on that very instinct of loneliness.

Climbing into the automobile of a stranger or giving yourself over to the caresses of another woman's husband are not a way out of your lonely state. They are a way into an even more desperate state—a state where you will be deserted and abandoned and bitterly conscious that you have cut yourself off from the simple life of the everyday folk all around you.

There is only one way to meet your problem of loneliness. Recognize that it is universal and that through it you can get a broad understanding of life and human experience. Fill in your empty hours with work and the things that make for growth.

## HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

### A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)

HICTANER, with a majestic gesture, slipped the dagger in his belt and took the electric mirror in his hands. He laid a finger on the spring, seated himself on a wooden bench, and said masterfully:

"Oxus and Fulbert, take off Severac's diving costume."

They hesitated and he aimed the electric mirror.

"Obey, obey, or I will kill you."

"I watched Severac use it—I can use myself."

Conquered and trembling with shame and rage, Oxus and Fulbert took off Severac's costume, revealing his inner garment of wool.

"Sit down there, facing me," Hictaner ordered the three men.

They obeyed, going to a divan and sitting down side by side.

Their faces twisted with varying emotions, but their bodies, as if suddenly paralyzed, were motionless and rigid.

Hictaner turned toward the disheveled woman, still kneeling in the midst of the laboratory with ecstatic eyes and hands joined as if in prayer.

"Rise, woman," he said gently. "Who are you?"

Mme. Martha rose. She brushed the long, white hair from her face, looked first at Hictaner and then at Severac with an expression of unspeakable joy and tenderness, and spoke.

Swiftly, but clearly, because it came from the depths of her mother heart, she related the story of her life, from the day she met Charles Severac, the young student at Perpignan, to the night so recently when the words pronounced by Fulbert in his sleep told her that the world fleet and Severac were proceeding to attack the Lost Isle, of which Hictaner was chief defender.

Completely absorbed in her maternal thought, occupied only in proving to Hictaner that he was her son and Severac's, Martha did not speak of her last interview with Molette.

So, unintentionally, she let it be thought that she was ignorant of the young girl's return to the Lost Isle.

Oxus and Fulbert listened eagerly to Mme. Martha. They trembled lest something new, braver horizons, she saw that she was forgetting to speak of her interview with Molette on the very night of the young girl's return. They freely once more and hope alone in their eyes.

Suddenly Fulbert was seized with one of his most diabolical ideas.

Severac had eyes for no one but Hictaner, and he listened, gasping, to the story of his former love.

Hictaner had let his head fall upon his breast, and had lowered his eyes as if to better comprehend the words of the woman who called herself his mother.

Meanwhile Fulbert was resolving upon a plan of action.

The divan upon which he was seated was placed near the machine whose lever only needed pushing in order to send a strong electric current into the copper strips on the cement floor.

By stretching out his left arm, Fulbert could work it with a single move.

Although Oxus' feet as well as his own were resting on the insulating carpet in front of the divan, and Hictaner's rested upon the transverse bar of a tabouret upon which he sat pensively, Mme. Martha's feet were not so safe. They rested squarely on the intersection of two strips.

Fulbert observed all these points, and then the thought came to him to press down upon the lever and turn on the electric current which would kill Mme. Martha before she could reveal Molette's presence at the Lost Isle.

With an easy, careless gesture, Fulbert stretched out his left hand and pressed firmly upon the lever.

Meantime Mme. Martha was beginning to relate how she and Baucis had arranged their flight from the apartment where they were imprisoned.

"Scipio came into our room bringing the breakfast at the usual time," she said. "We were all prepared to carry out our plan, in order to pre-

## The Fatal Ring

A STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND ROMANCE.

### Pearl Explains How She Was Able to Fool Carlslake and the Arabs.



The High Priestess rages when Pearl disappears.

SYNOPSIS

Pearl Standish, richest girl in America, undertakes to help Nicholas Knox to find the Violet Diamond of Daroon, bought by her father from a faithless Arab priest. Knox is under pain of death if he does not recover it. Pearl is also threatened by the devotees of the Violet God of Daroon. She has many thrilling escapes, and meets Tom Carlslake, a reporter, who aids her in her search. Richard Carlslake, once the private secretary of Pearl's father, has the diamond, and forces the setting from Knox. Pearl finally pays a big price for the ring and takes it to the High Priestess to save Tom's life. It is stolen by an Arab and recovered by Carlslake. Pearl sees one of Carlslake's followers take it from his unconscious chief and demands its return. After a struggle Carlslake again comes into possession of the gem and hides it away with the diamond.

Carlslake and the Arabs.

out and covered Carlslake and his astonished crew of blackguards.

The Stone Is Gone.

Carlslake scowled as he noted the situation.

"Well, I suppose I must yield to you," he said slowly. "You seem to have the whip hand."

"Quite so," said the High Priestess. "You are wise to realize it. And you will gain clemency by yielding without protest."

Carlslake sighed, crossed to the secret panel in the wainscoting, and slid it back. He reached into the little cabinet behind it and felt around for the diamond. And as he covered the whole of the shelf and found no trace of the color left his face.

He had felt certain of the diamond's safety. The discovery of its disappearance stunned him.

"It is gone!" he whispered, hoarsely, and repeated, his astonishment giving way to rage. "It is gone!"

Turning, he faced his henchmen furiously.

"You fools—idiots!" he shouted. "You have not only let the girl escape, but you have let her get away with the diamond!"

The High Priestess regarded him critically.

"Come, come, now! How could she have known where it was hidden?" she asked.

"If she was clever enough to elude three men, she was clever enough to find it," answered Carlslake.

His anger and distrust rang true. A glance convinced the Priestess that he was not tricking her—that Pearl really had obtained possession of the precious stone again. So, turn of mind, she bade her Arabs retreat with her and in good order—keeping Carlslake and his worthies covered to the end—they withdrew.

To the Standish Home.

Five minutes later they were once more on their way to the Standish home.

Aunt Mattie and Tom and Pearl's little maid, Nina, were astounded, upon her return, to hear of her adventures in Carlslake's house, following her telephone message from Dopey Ed.

"I told you to drop the whole thing and skip off to Spain!" cried Tom, impatiently.

"I told you never to become involved in the matter at all," Aunt Mattie reminded her.

"Mademoiselle run so many rials," added Nina.

But Pearl only smiled and shook her head.

"She takes more of herself," she

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish ..... PEARL WHITE

Richard Carlslake ..... Warner Oland

The High Priestess ..... Ruby Hoffman

Nicholas Knox ..... Earle Foxe

Tom Carleton ..... Henry Gsell

## ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

The Rev. E. F. Russell, for fifty years Father Stanton's fellow-worker at St. Alban's, Holborn, tells a story which, besides being distinctly humorous, serves to show the esteem in which Father Stanton was held by those to whom he ministered.

Once it chanced that a clergyman officiating in a neighboring parish to that in which the church of St. Alban's is situated, was sent for to visit the little daughter of a coter living in a slum off Saffron Hill, who was dangerously ill.

After he had seen the child he came downstairs to have some conversation with her father.

"By the way," he said, "I don't seem to remember your face. Do you attend my church?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "me and the missus allus goes to St. Alban's."

"Well, that's all right; you could not go to a better. But why, then, did you send for me?"

"Lor' lumme, sir, d'ye think we was going to risk Father Stanton, and 'er'—indicating with an upward jerk of his thumb the sick child overhead—"down with typhus fever?"

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

What Is Her Side? He Is Not Fine.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am engaged to a man twenty-four. His sister, twenty-two, persists in coming every Sunday and seems to have full power over my fiancé. She forces us to go where she pleases and spend much more than necessary. I have kept quiet and suffered all along for the simple reason that I do not wish to cause any arguments, but I cannot tolerate her any longer. Do you advise me to tell my fiancé not to bring her along any more? Her actions make me believe that she is doing this purposely to hurt my feelings.

ADELE B.

PERRAH: your fiancé's sister is a

lonely and bitter girl who longs for love and attention and doesn't get it. You have her brother's love, and she is just the third party—the "extra wheel on the wagon"—on these excursions. Maybe he brings her along because he is sorry for the poor girl, and perhaps her conduct comes from restlessness and unhappiness. Don't think about your own hurt feelings, but go to your fiancé sympathetically and ask him if he thinks his sister would enjoy it more if he managed to find an escort for her—someone to complete the quartet. Stop thinking so much about yourself and be generous enough to try to get her viewpoint.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and employed as a stenographer. One of the members of the firm asked me a few weeks ago to have lunch with him. I accepted, and have been out with him several times since. I recently overheard a conversation in the office and, much to my surprise, heard some one ask him about his wife. That very same day he asked me to lunch again and I told him I was never married. Two weeks ago his wife died and he has already spoken to me of going out with him. What do you think of this whole affair? As I do not want to leave my position on his account, and as I would like to keep up our friendship, what would you advise me to do? Sincerely, A. B. C.

I DON'T like the man—and I hope you don't either! He has not very fine feelings; you see that, don't you? If two weeks after the death of his wife, he is inviting a young girl to go out with him, you can be assured that his sense of loyalty and decency mean very little to him. Just a conventional respect should make him act differently. I like his inviting you out so soon after the death of the woman he had sworn to love and cherish, even less than I do his flirting with you while he had a wife alive. Do you think you could expect any consideration or respect from a man who did not respect his wife in life?

THE High Priestess shrugged.

"You fool!" she cried at Carlslake, "to think that these thick-witted numbskulls could have held a girl like that! Come! Settle with them afterward. The girl's fate is of no consequence to me. I came for the violet diamond."

She turned with a little nod to her

henchmen, who were waiting

outside the door.

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